

11 Pa  
I N V O C A T I O N S,

ADDRESSED TO

THE DEITY,  
THE OCEAN, AND TO WOMAN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE DISSOLUTION,

FRAGMENT.

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*I, pete famam.*

HOR.

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London :

PRINTED FOR C. STALKER, STATIONER'S COURT,  
LUDGATE-STREET.

16





## DEDICATION.

TO MISS \*\*\*\*.

MADAM,

**I**F a combination of the heav'n-  
liest virtues, of the most elegant  
accomplishments, and of a form,  
where dignity and love, in unison,  
combine, could warrant tributes  
of unmeaning adulation,—even  
the hacknied panegyrist would  
not know how to cull his words,

or

or to form his phrases, adequate to the celebration of your merits.

HAPPY should I have been to have prefixed your Name to this Dedication, as a tower of strength against the shafts of malevolent criticism ;—but, too sensible of the many imperfections in these trifles,—too anxious for your fame—for your repose—I would not place it in the power of a censorious world to impeach your taste, or to dishonour your understanding.

To

To you, susceptible of the finest feelings which adorn human nature—to your unlimited generosity—I need not appeal:—you can overlook imperfection—you can find beauties hidden from the common eye—you can trace virtues on a barren foil.

When you peruse these INVOCATIONS, call forth all your candour; and, however justified you may be in condemning the Author's head, spare! oh spare his heart!—

Insensible

Insensible to the honours of a corrupt world,—my only happiness, my only honour, which neither the gold, or the despotism of Indus should induce me to resign, is that of being considered

Your most devoted servant,  
for ever.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following species of composition very few have attempted, and in it still fewer have succeeded.

In the English language there is hardly an instance of even mediocrity ; and in the French and German, if we except the Abbés *Reyrac* and *Reynal*, *Fenelon* and *Gesner*, who have particularly excelled in this beautiful branch of literature, very few are deserving of notice.

If I have failed, I have this consolation to alleviate my fall :—but should these INVOCATIONS meet with a favourable reception, the Author will be induced to make very considerable additions to the subjects  
he

he has already noticed, as well as by annexing others which he has in contemplation.

The Fragment on the Diffolution is to be considered only as the outline of a much more extensive effort, which at some future period he may be induced to lay before the public.

INVOL

# INVOCATION

TO THE DEITY:

*Adspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes*

*Patrem; patrem dominumque, Dominumque.*

ENTER,

FATHER ALMIGHTY! all benevolent! all  
comprehending;—creator of space im-  
measurable! of worlds unnumbered!—  
kind dispenser of blessings undeserv'd!  
—to thee, parent of all, I sing in joyful  
lays!—How wonderful! how supreme-  
ly awful are thy works! how unfathom-

B

able

able is thy will!—whether we narrow minded mortals, we imperfect images of thy etherial spirit, explore the labyrinths of existence; or, at a bound from earth to heaven, measure the rolling worlds on high!—whether we revolt to ages past and view the delug'd plains, the emerg'd mountains, the tremendous desolation of the globe; or look forward to futurity, the gulph of expectation, uncertain, unknown!

O, thou Divinity! passing the utmost verge of human reason, in knowledge passing the confines of thy own domains.—'Tis sacrilege to scan thy projects.



jects. 'Tis blasphemy to question thy  
 designs!—Was the whole universe dis-  
 sever'd into atoms, was each atom a  
 Man, an Angel! then would the whole,  
 compared to thee, be as one particle  
 to the whole.

Great God! great King of Kings!  
 absolute, yet merciful. Upright Judge,  
 whose judgments none can e'er ar-  
 raign!—Oh mighty sovereign, won-  
 drous accomplisher of a system, in-  
 finite;—a fabric governed by laws in-  
 variable, incomprehensible, until a  
*Newton*, noble specimen of Man, index  
 of thy own unbounded mind, first

trod down the weeds of false hypothe-  
 sis, dissever'd the trammels of supersti-  
 tion, and unveil'd the simple mecha-  
 nism of myriads of worlds.

Here let me consider thy noblest  
 work; a man, endowed with heav'nly  
 wisdom! a mortal spurning his fellow  
 creature's groveling paths, winged his  
 daring flight into the regions of ethereal  
 space:—whose capacity unfathomable as  
 the ocean, endless as the firmament,—  
 whose imagination corruscating as the  
 starry horizon, and whose genius bril-  
 liant as the prolific warmer of the  
 earth, or as the blazing comet, whose  
 revolutions he defined.

Oh,

Oh, Newton! by thee the laws of gravitation were first explored; thro' thee, the visionary projects of a Ptolemy, a Tycho Brahe, and a Des Cartes, met their deserved fate!— through thee, the darkness which for ages had obscured the minds of men was dissipated to the wind. —The planets no longer roll'd through traceless orbits, and kept their undeviating ways, incomprehensible, round the luminary of the world. No longer was the beauteous order of the universe, to the human mind, unknown; no longer were we confin'd only to admire, no longer doom'd to unintelligent obscurity.—

obscurity.—God said let there be light,  
and Newton couched the powers of  
man's perception.

—Ruler of all ! we have viewed thy  
deeds—but the spring that gives them  
motion is to us inexplicable,—a trace-  
less labyrinth more dark than mid-  
night, when storms do howl discordant  
music to the superstitious ear, yawns  
its wide portal to our discernless minds.  
That man is born, he knows not why ;  
that earth should vegetate, he knows  
not how ; that worlds should float, he  
knows not where ; proves, great God,  
what we are, what thou art !

Awful



Awful as we view thy power when  
spheres immense are pois'd by thy al-  
mighty will, on airy nothing—tremen-  
dous as thy acts do seem when worlds  
are wreck'd—when desolation spreads  
a dreary waste o'er the once fruitful  
plain—when the hoary oak, which for  
ages hath withstood the boisterous ele-  
ments is wrested from the bowels of  
the earth ;—when Herculaneum and  
Messina in an instant were immured in  
torrid sulphur,—when continents have  
sunk within the wat'ry waste, mountains  
have tumbled headlong in the fathom-  
less abyss, and wandering comets have

fill'd

fill'd the world with dread alarms,  
yet great, yet nobly good are all thy  
works.

Though slaughtering millions gra-  
tified the ambition of Alexander and  
of Cæsar,—though Neros have, re-  
morseless, tortur'd victims of their  
power—though lust hath rack'd the  
fancies of a Caligula, of a Cleopatra,  
to form some new designs of bliss,  
—though plagues and earth-quakes,  
storms and wrecks have swept whole  
nations from off the globe: yet 'tis  
impious to question thy providential,  
far difusing mercies.

Almighty

Almighty Father—thou hast giv'n an  
 unmodel'd, lifeless lump of matter,  
 form and motion—crude and indigested  
 chaos, beauty and design. It is thou,  
 that out of clay-cold earth hast fill'd  
 the universe with millions of ani-  
 mated beings, each from the ephemera  
 of the day, to the most potent mo-  
 narch of the plains ; or the huge moun-  
 tains of the waters, having the power  
 to will and act without exertion !

How infinitely more wise, how  
 wonderfully superior is thy design,  
 when we farther contemplate that each  
 has a destined end, that we are not

C

formed

formed for nothing: but have appropriate courses for to run, and projects to accomplish, which no human power can blast.

But when our mind is fix'd on man—when we bend our thoughts towards ourselves, then are we lost in wonder.—Other animals possess instinct, and satisfy the cravings which nature has implanted in them—they perform the functions unto which they are destined, and annihilate, when the purport of their existence is fulfilled, Man is devoted to a wider field—he from the birth gradually acquires reason,



son, feels passions agitate his swelling breast, and knows not whence they came, or whither tendeth ;—whose brain perpetually on the wing, when the body slumbers, finds no rest, and by supplying imaginary bliss, drives real woes away.

Human nature, strange combination of heterogeneous matter—but for thy interference, oh merciful Divinity, we had been tossed and buffeted o'er seas of troubles, and wreck'd upon the shoals of our own ungovern'd passions. Inclination, as a whirlwind, would have urg'd us on to inevitable

C 2      destruction,

destruction, had not thy all-gracious  
goodness giv'n us aid and resolution to  
stem the torrent of worldly ills, and  
kindly promis'd rewards and happi-  
ness to virtuous heroism.

While the routine of nature leads  
other animals through one unva-  
ried course of life, emerg'd in apathy,  
no unruly passions rend their soul, no  
turbulent desires precipitate them to  
destruction; but, no softer feelings—  
no ardent friendships—no tender loves,  
make life an object of request. Man  
thou hast wisely plac'd within the grasp  
of happiness; but we, frail creatures,  
are

are wafted by the gale of popularity,  
and hurried down the stream of wretchedness.

Graciously thou hast promis'd us  
life hereafter—a glorious immortality  
hast thou offer'd to thy faithful servants. But, knowing the frailties of  
our nature, knowing how unfit we are  
to sip the cup of blessedness in our  
present state, with caution provident  
hast thou placed us here, to stem the  
storms and troubles of this transient  
life—wonderfully adapted to fit us for  
a world of endless and unbounded  
happiness.

Yet,

Yet, in this probationary life, all is not sorrow ;—we have our trials and our woes ;—but thy innumerable mercies, thy unrivall'd acts of goodness to thy imperfect creatures, reduce what we call real griefs to visionary ills.

Not so with those who condemn thy works ; corroding misery galls their days, and spurns contentment from their door—e'en though they pass this life in worldly affluence, in costly splendour, yet conscience, roused from her lethargic slumber, whispers unpleasant truths to their distracted souls.

The



The hour that brings us into life,  
 informs us also we must die—To some,  
 short is their span to make their peace  
 with Heav'n—to others, thou hast  
 granted many days ;—but great is the  
 work that we are doom'd to perfect, and  
 how inadequate are all our labours to  
 insure salvation ; yet we, improvident  
 mortals, exist in apathy years on years,  
 reviewing not the idle hours we have  
 pass'd, the evil deeds we have done, or  
 in future, resolving to reform our ways,  
 and lead a life of godly innocence.

Parent of all (friendly epithet) to thee  
 I humbly pray ne'er to lock up those  
 mercies

mercies thou hast reveal'd to us, ne'er  
to change benignity and love to dire  
yet deserved punishment.

On thee, our Father, and our all, the  
universe depends ;—through thee hol-  
low-jaw'd famine is driven from our  
doors—through thee, piercing cold  
winter freezes not the vital stream, or  
scorching summer absorbs the vigour  
of our frame. 'Twas you that gave  
us life, and now doth grant us nou-  
rishment. On you, solely we depend ;  
to you, we look for all our comforts,  
and trust to you, for happiness to  
come.

Grant,

Grant, O God ! that the Book of Fate be not blotted out for ever.— Grant that we, who, from our imperfect natures, although enabled to distinguish right from wrong, although promis'd mercies unnumber'd, and already o'erwhelm'd with blessings unmerited, are perpetually exposed to temptation's wily shafts, or often wreck'd on fortune's rugged rocks, be not left to sink unaided.

With these swelling surges, these shallow quick-sands, thou hast doom'd us to contend ; and, on the steep and pathless pinnacle, hast thou plac'd

D

a crown

a crown of glory ; some to whom  
fortitude vouchsafes her nervous arm,  
the labour vanisheth—and the task is  
done.

—A second class, flow and sure,  
in time attain the wish'd-for goal.—  
Others there are, whom fits of resolu-  
tion suddenly assail, and in a moment  
leave a traceless void behind. But  
they are far more numerous, whom no  
thoughts do bend towards their future  
happiness ; negligent they pass thro'  
life, nor observe the gulph that yawns  
destruction to their barter'd souls.—

To



( 19 )

To these, Father of mercies ! grant thy  
providential aid ; on all shower down  
thy blessings, and judge us not, as we  
judge others.

D 2

judge others.  
thy blessings and judge us not, as we  
providential gift: on all thow down  
"To their Father of mercies! grant thy

IN V O C A T I O N

TO THE

O C E A N.

*Fluctibus erigitur, celumque aquare videtur*

*Pontus, & indutas aspergine tangere nubes.*

OVID.

RUDE, rough, rugged tyrant—beguiling grave of mortals. But hark! how dissonant thy swelling surges, how awful those clashing waters!—that fierce face that frowns on man, at times assumes the hypocrite, and as the Syrens, enticeth to destruction!

O Demosthenes, father of oratory!  
thou didst right to assail this roaring  
bully,

bully, to enure thee to the turbulent  
and discontented spirits of an irresolute  
and falling people.

When mankind first saw thee ;  
they trembled at thee ;—they tempted  
not thy fallacious surface ;—homely  
and content they sought not foreign  
luxuries ; they quarrell'd not for trace-  
less boundaries ; thy rude waves vent-  
ed their venom on themselves. But  
now emerg'd in dissipation, unnerv'd,  
to satisfy our dainty appetites, we  
traverse o'er thy wide domains.

Great



Great thy power, and cruel is thy  
will—we trust in thee, and are deceived  
—we have faith, and yield our all, our  
life, to thy appetite—but never art  
thou satisfied.

When, on thy briny field, the proud  
vessel bends her onward way—when  
she, triumphant, ploughs along—borne  
by the western gale, and seems to ride  
aloof, the pride of power—her hoarse-  
founding throats arrang'd on either side  
—vomiting forth fire—and lording o'er  
the cock-boat, shiv'ring at her threats  
—or when the numerous fleet, array'd  
for sturdy contest, the colours wafting  
in

in the wind, sends forth blood and desolation, crimsoning thy verdant waters——Imperious thou, and aggravated by polluted billows, doth shew *thy* power——how infinitely more grievous is *thy* anger!

When nation contends with nation, and fleets hostile, meet fleets ; nearly equal is the fray, and poor the victory :—but when thy mighty vengeance is arous'd, these pigmy fights are soon decided by thy destructive parley.

Short is the span of life we mortals have to run, and wide the sphere  
whereon

whereon we dwell ; but envy rankles  
 in our breasts, and breaks down the  
 barriers of honour and of honesty.—  
 Hence riseth fierce discord, which, from  
 the savage to the courtier, inflames the  
 soul and destroys humanity.

Yet thy anger oft is wreaked on the  
 fair merchant, who, intent on gain,  
 risks his all upon thy uncertain will ;  
 who, ruined oft by thy mad caprice in  
 hopes of future recompence, of prof-  
 perous gales, and of unruffled seas,  
 again commits himself an adventurer  
 on thy wide domains.

E

At

At times, for leagues he gently  
 stems the current of thy waves, and,  
 when serenity around doth seem sub-  
 servient to his hopes, when the azure  
 sky, emblem of peace, doth line the  
 horizon, till lost in the distant mist, to  
 the impervious eye ; when through the  
 tackle Sol doth dart his beams, as the  
*ignis fatuus*, corruscating on the deck,  
 and, to the harden'd seaman, yields a  
 bronze equal to Arabia's plains ; then  
 doth he reckon all his freight, the  
 wealth that he'll accumulate by this  
 prosperous venture ; and, fraught with  
 the hopes of future such, draws a veil  
 o'er



o'er his former troubles, considering,  
for his hoary age, abundance is in  
store.

Alas! how inadequate are the means  
which man employs to secure prosper-  
ity.—Hope, thou fond, false flatterer,  
thou courteous substitute for truth—  
in imagination thou exalteth the hum-  
ble, and placeth on the head of the  
beggar the imperial diadem! to all  
thou art a pleasing deceiver; and, was  
it not for thy friendly comfort, tho'  
reality is estranged from thy bosom,  
despair and suicide would depopulate  
the world.

E 2

Thus

Thus does the merchant build like  
 Babel's ambitious sons, until a storm  
 involves the bright hemisphere in  
 dreary darkness, and on the approaching  
 night, heav'n, as if in unison, with thun-  
 dering horrors darts forth fire on the  
 devoted vessel.—E'en rough Bo-  
 reas inflates his jaws, and glories in the  
 fray: then dost thou, old green-ey'd  
 monster, swell thy frothy mountains in  
 contact with the swollen clouds.

A little while she scuds it on, and,  
 confident in her oaken sides, braves  
 the horrors of the storm;—the sails,  
 grown ponderous with the briny waters,  
 divide

divide the stubborn yard, and torrents  
 shower upon the labouring seaman ;  
 —the bow-sprit, unus'd to bend, now  
 feels the weight of concussing elements,  
 and the tall main-mast, that assail'd the  
 sky, disjointed from its station, with  
 a sailor clinging round its knotted  
 strength, floateth o'er the deep.

Yet Hope, still buoyant in their  
 minds, preserves her reign o'er the  
 fascinated crew. The pilot yet exerts  
 his sway, in hopes of pleasing prospects  
 on the wish'd-for morn.

But, how dread a landscape does  
 Aurora's beams unfold to these dis-  
 tracted

tracted sons of woe!—The steep, rude  
 rock that towers on high, in whose  
 caverns pitchy darkness holds despotic  
 sway, and frothy surges bound from  
 side to side; where the backward crab  
 finds an habitation in the recesses perfo-  
 rated by the deep, and the monarch of  
 the skies builds his nest on the pinnacle  
 of destruction—there, to feel pangs of  
 premature death, after struggling with  
 thy damn'd despotism, after buffeting  
 thy fierce colleague Æolus, after being  
 delug'd by the floating islands of the  
 air, to be splinter'd by the unpolish'd  
 marble's rugged sides, is more than e'en

Seneca



Seneca or Socrates were fortified to  
bear.

How little does the landfman know  
of thy unstable will—when the gentle  
zephyr smoothes thy deceitful face,  
forming a mirror to the beauteous  
damfel as wand'ring on thy shores—  
whence stretching oft her fight towards  
an absent love, relying on thy faith, the  
calmness of thy waters dispels a me-  
lancholy, foreboding ten thousand ills—  
her far-divided love reigns uppermost  
in her soul; each brisker gale presents  
him to her phrensy'd mind, each hur-  
ricane involves him in the deep;—at  
length,

length, in fault'ring accents the prays  
aloud for mercy to the mercilefs !——

“ Where'er thy vast domain doth  
“ reach, there the fondest and most  
“ faithful needs protection;—there my  
“ heart doth cleave, though separated  
“ by thy fathomless abyfs;—there are  
“ all my thoughts directed;—and  
“ there, the only prop whereon doth  
“ rest my disappointed love. Father  
“ of Waters! have mercy on my prayer  
“ —preserve him, restore him to the  
“ heart that bleeds incessantly, unop-  
“ press'd with care, and unchang'd his  
“ love! On the vessel that bears him

“ hither

" hither ; blow propitiously ye  
 " winds ! make her surpass the fleetest  
 " courser when bounding o'er the unin-  
 " cumber'd plain ; make her dart for-  
 " ward as the arrow from the bow, or  
 " as the fatal lightning from the an-  
 " ger'd heav'ns,

" Hear me, God of Waters ! hear a  
 " miserable maiden open all her soul  
 " to thy omnipotence. Oft hast thou  
 " inflicted many a cruel pang on the  
 " noblest and best of men. Oft hast  
 " thou widow'd the happy wife, and  
 " wrested from the tender infant, nou-

F

" rishment

" rishment and protection ;—and oft,  
 " as the gorging shark, who holds a  
 " lodgement on thy premises, hast  
 " thou swallowed up rich and poor,  
 " bad and good, at one, unfeeling,  
 " bloody meal !—A chaste, unhappy  
 " Virgin, now craves that protec-  
 " tion 'tis not consonant to thy feel-  
 " ings to scatter plentifully : she asks  
 " a little pity, for much thou can'st  
 " not grant ;—she asks thee, implores  
 " thee humbly, to restore her absent  
 " love !——Cytherea's Queen does  
 " deign to plead, and Hymen suppli-  
 " cates. Father, smile propitious on  
 my



"my prayers, and bid thy Tritons  
 "sooth thy waves !"

Whimsical is thy will, not rul'd by  
 rectitude, or influenc'd by compassion  
 —the murderer finds protection in  
 traversing thy kingdoms ; the scound-  
 rel's best resource is in thy undistin-  
 guishing and unprincip'l'd friendship ;  
 and when the jaded wife is no more  
 a zest of pleasurable torment to a bru-  
 tish husband, with open arms thou  
 receiv'st him as thy bosom friend.

To the opulent thou continuest kind  
 —each zephyr blows accumulating  
 wealth to their abundant stores, and  
 each augments their pride, till swoln  
 to savage cruelty. Coalesc'd with  
 fortune, ye dispense your blessings  
 and your tortures in unjust par-  
 titions ;—often the needy you  
 reduce to abject wretchedness, and  
 cause the rich to wallow in glittering  
 gold. Justice ne'er holds the scales, ne'er  
 weighs the merit of the candidates for  
 thy favors ;—indiscriminately ye scat-  
 ter pearls abroad, and feed the com-  
 mon

mon herd with power and plenty, they  
know not the value of.

As the blood-thirsty tyger seeks his  
prey, wantonly and unprovok'd—as  
cruelty delights his savage breast,  
form'd for hatred, for murder sensual  
and unprofitable ; as he hides beneath  
the plaited bramble, fiery phrenzy  
flashing from his scowling eyes,—  
damn'd jealousy rankling in his soul  
at the happiness he views around, till  
pouncing on his devoted prey, the  
clotted gore yields but a short respite  
to the victims of his future tyranny.—

Thus,

Thus, ungenerously thou domineerest  
 o'er the human race : He, something  
 more noble, shews his haggard eye,  
 his destructive talon, as beacons to  
 his mind ;—but thou art all deceit—  
 gently thy waters undulate from shore  
 to shore—enticement dwells upon thy  
 surface, while pleasure smiles around.

But in thy heart are lodg'd the  
 keenest arrows of destruction ;—to thee  
 is granted power which thou knowest  
 not how to use ;—all mankind are one  
 to thee ;—equally thou hast pain'd the  
 orphan, widow, parent ;—at one  
 fiat



fiat hast thou doom'd thousands to  
wretchedness who liv'd in happiness,  
in innocence;—who ne'er disputed  
thy tyrannic will—who ne'er question-  
ed thy despotic power—who ne'er in-  
sulted thy polluted billows.

Green-ey'd monster, yield up all thy  
prey—shew lifeless carcases, dissever'd  
wrecks, unbounded wealth, veil'd by  
thy verdant curtain from human  
inquisition;—let all thy destructive  
deeds pass in review before us;—no  
longer let the painter's mockery pour-  
tray,

tray, what thou can'st shew beyond  
description.

The Father of Heav'ns who made  
thee, gave thee power, and thou hast  
used it. He told thee thou should'st  
be to all mankind a blessing ;—he sup-  
ply'd thee with abundance to dispense  
thy favors equally ;—hast thou done  
it?—No. The hour that gave thee  
birth, made thee a monster—a devil—  
colleagu'd with thy brother Æolus, to  
torture man.

Sometimes, forsooth, a fit of kind-  
ness swells thy bosom ;—sometimes

the

the mariner feels not thy damn'd  
phrenzy, at the very time thou art  
brooding ill to half the world.

So capricious, so whimsical are thy  
ways, no foresight can develop thy  
designs:—influenc'd by absurdity, ex-  
ecuted unjustly, we know not how  
wide thy anger may extend—when it  
will begin—or how long it lasts.—  
We have experienced what it is, but  
are not appris'd of what it may be.—  
Thus, in darkness, we blindly tempt  
thy power—grant, Old Ocean! that as  
we confide in thee, we may find  
mercy.

The manner has not the same

tenure as the way to the sea

the manner of the way to the sea

the manner of the way to the sea

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## INVOCATION

TO

W O M A N.

From Woman's eyes this doctrine I derive;  
They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire;  
They are the books, the arts, th' academies,  
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;  
None at all in aught proves excellent.

SHAKESPEARE.

**M**OST beautiful, most lovely, most  
deserving of the creation!—form'd by  
Heav'n to bless mankind!—Angels  
granted thee all their beauties—the  
deities gave thee all their virtues. As

G 2

Sol,

Sol, amid the glimmering stars expands  
 his rays o'er the wide world, so dost  
 thou emulate the brilliancy of Phœbus.

Ye discontented sons of earth!—ye  
 narrow-minded mortals, whose sum-  
 mit of delight is to rail at beauty!—ye  
 unnatural beings!—ye devils in human  
 shape—tell me no more of Adam's  
 consort ruining the world ;—she,  
 beauteous mother! ne'er was form'd  
 for guile ;—her lovely countenance in-  
 dex'd no frailties ;—her heart, unpol-  
 luted as the hand that made it, has, in  
 the

the lapse of time, been distorted thro'  
all the shades of infamy.

No more arraign the lovely Helen  
—the fascinating Cleopatra. Troy was  
no purchase for such charms, and had  
I been Antony, I would have resign'd  
the world, and gloried in the bargain.

'Tis not thy beauty, Woman, only  
captivates the soul—'tis not the fair  
form and outward shew of grace and  
loveliness that enchants the heart of  
man—as God hath given thee power to  
decoy, so has he mercifully combin'd

it

it with a mind form'd for the greatest  
deeds of heroism, the strictest acts of  
justice, the most charitable of huma-  
nity, and the sincerest of friendship.

If we recognise the Spartan dames  
who sacrific'd the strongest ties of ma-  
ternal love, to patriotism most noble!—  
whose thoughts, implanted in a breast  
by nature form'd in the tenderest  
mould, were matur'd to godlike for-  
titude: or, if we regard the Ama-  
zons, our veneration for female valour  
increases, as we number o'er the  
noblest deeds of ancient virtue.

What



What envious soul can blast the  
 reputation of Penelope, of Lucretia,  
 the spotless Portia, or of unnumber'd  
 Roman dames, who ne'er deviated from  
 the purity of their sex—who enhanc'd  
 the price of chastity, e'en beyond the  
 trying stroke of death?

Behold the Mother of the Gracchi,  
 glorying in her domestic charge;—  
 her jewels, her brightest ornaments  
 were the pledges of hallow'd love.—  
 Conscious of no unruly passions ago-  
 nising, her breast, buoy'd up by no  
 vain thoughts of pompous pageantry—  
 her manners simply elegant, truly  
 dig-

dignified ;—each step aw'd to obei-  
 sance the most profligate, and the  
 costliest profusion was eclips'd in her  
 presence.

But wherefore search the records of  
 antiquity for noble samples of female  
 purity—are we not surrounded with  
 modern Minervas?—have we not per-  
 petual instances of fortitude, of jus-  
 tice, of chastity, and of all-bewitch-  
 ing modesty, in lovely Woman?—  
 Among the Fair, the most perfect ge-  
 niuses daily diffuse their benign ra-  
 diance, and torture jealous man.—  
 Who, of the proud race, can rival

Smith

Smith in pastorals—can equally describe—  
 —can tell a tale of woe with so much  
 pathos—or emulate her matchless son-  
 nets? A Williams, Seward and Pi-  
 ozzi, divide the laurels of Parnassus.  
 Silleray, with watchful eye, rears the  
 tender youth in religion and morality,  
 cropping judiciously, the wild shoots  
 nurtur'd by infant spirit. The his-  
 torian's bloody page, to classic ele-  
 gance Macaulay moulded—and the  
 gentle Lee, stealing sweet odours from  
 Imagination's inexhausted fount, the  
 truths of ages past, beautifully deline-  
 ated to the sympathetic mind.

H

Where

Where had we, savage mortals,  
 been without thee, angelic Woman!—  
 Unnerv'd by sloth—unstimulated by  
 desire, in apathy, our days unnum-  
 bered, had roll'd along—and as we  
 came naked, and without possessions,  
 into the world, so had we left it ; or  
 else fierce discord, and unfeeling cru-  
 elty, would have wav'd the sword of  
 desolation 'midst the ambitious sons of  
 earth.

But here's the tie to sooth the ambi-  
 tious soul—to confine the false dictates  
 of renown—to entice the soldier from  
 the bloody field, when inflated with  
 the



the pride of conquest—to inform his unreflecting mind, the Deity gave others life, not for the mere sport of each hec't'ring bully who wears a sword.

Of all the passions which inspire the human breast, Love ! heav'nly Love ! leads the van——All are subordinate to his dominion—all acknowledge his godlike power. Had he not been—where had we been ?—I startle at the precipice which the very thought pourtrays.—More damn'd than Erebus—more unhappy than the murderer haunted by all the imps of darkness—all the clay-cold spirits of dis-

H 2

traction !

traction !—unhappy man had roam'd,  
 through life, a prey to senseless apathy,  
 or, whirl'd in the eddy of hostile pas-  
 sions, been toss'd and buffeted thro'  
 the seas of fortune, till worn down  
 with disappointments, a misanthrope,  
 broken-hearted—suicide had closed  
 his haggard eyes, long a stranger to  
 repose.

But 'tis thy province, thy delight,  
 fair Friend, to sooth our minds to rest,  
 when disappointment, or when griping  
 poverty binds us in his toil—no friend  
 to happiness—or, when disease—the  
 fierce fever—the quiv'ring ague—the  
 life—

lifeless palsy—the hypochondriac, tortur'd with unnumber'd dreams of miserable death, assail us.—Then are thy kind cares, thy heart-felt tenderness, oh, lovely sex ! inestimable :—then do we learn thy value, which, too often in prosperity we think not of.

When the fond mother clings the tender offspring to her breast—and, as she rears the unform'd tendril, solicitous for its future fame, a little while she dreads what others feel around her ;—but, in an instant, all the hero's mind—the soldier's future deeds  
—the

—the orator's prevailing rhetoric—  
the statesman's subtlety—or the pa-  
triot's disinterestedness—unveil them-  
selves to her prepossessed fancy :——

Or, if a young female, ten thousand  
latent charms ly hid beneath that  
piercing eye—ten thousand conquests  
dimple in her cheek.—How wise,  
how provident, Nature is ;—thus does  
she mould the parent's mind to ecstasy  
—and thus, for the helpless infant, se-  
cures a friend, no connections—no  
climes—no fortunes—e'er can sever.

Such



Such are the offices which unveil  
 all the innate virtues of thy sex—un-  
 fold all the graces—and to the form  
 most noble, to the face most fascinat-  
 ing, add every charm which Heav'n  
 e'er gave—which man e'er tasted.

To thee, the proudest conqueror  
 deigns to stoop—from thee, he hum-  
 bly supplicates, but from others he  
 demandeth, and in blood subscribes  
 his fiat. The stern tyrant, whose  
 heart grown callous to mercy—whose  
 repose, haunted by immaterial spectres,  
 victims of his power—Imagination's  
 airy

airy offspring, assumes a milder aspect,  
 vers'd in hypocrisy, in embryo he sti-  
 fles ev'ry thought seditious—startles  
 at other's cruelty—feelingly laments  
 the depravity of mankind, the wi-  
 dow's pangs, the orphan's griefs, po-  
 verty's griping noose, and, as an angel  
 on a charitable embassy from the ethe-  
 rial plains, yields comfort to the af-  
 flicted—scatters food and raiment to  
 the needy and the naked.

The pedant is not arm'd against  
 the smile of beauty.—The charms  
 of classic lore cease to enchain his  
 mind

mind—the philosophic folio once more  
resumes its station on the cobweb'd-  
shelf—when visions of domestic hap-  
piness haunt him with nocturnal vigils.

In the massy volumes of the law—  
in dry theology, or in the scientific  
works of Esculapius' learned sons  
—where will the student find a charm  
more potent, friendship more sin-  
cere, converse more fascinating, than  
that which flows from lovely Woman!

E'en the untutor'd rustic, follow-  
ing Nature's dictates, uncultivated as  
the desolated soil—beorish as the

I

rough

rough monster of the woods. Or  
the crafty trader, emerg'd in com-  
merce, amassing cent. per cent.—  
and building castles, emblematic of  
his future grandeur, in the untravers'd  
air ;—or the weather-worn sailor, the  
sport of jarring elements—or the sol-  
dier, as marching on the torrid plain,  
emulous of the trophies that grace the  
hero's brow—whom the tremendous  
cannon, resembling gorg'd Etna's ful-  
phureous bowels, when, thund'ring dire  
destruction o'er the cultivated plains,  
stimulates to the noblest deeds of  
valour.—All feel the softest passions  
which inflame the human breast ;—

all



( 59 )

all acknowledge thy unbounded power,  
sov'reign God of Love!—all know  
thy excellence—all emulous to enjoy  
the greatest bliss the deities have grant-  
ed unto mortals—all, all adore thee—  
labour for thee—fight for thee—die  
for thee—oh heav'nly WOMAN!



THE

DISSOLUTION.

A FRAGMENT.

THE world had lost its equipoise—  
revolutions periodic no longer mark'd  
the dawning day ;—floating on the  
whirl-pool of destruction—borne by  
each adverse gale, it clash'd its massy  
sides 'gainst other spheres!—Now  
darkness, impervious darkness, in sa-  
ble cloth'd the desolated plain ;—now  
glaring

glaring light assum'd dominion—and  
 fires, fierce, flaming, scorch'd the  
 globe.

Etna belch'd its yearning bowels  
 forth;—Ocean mad, with mad'ning  
 fury, left its native bed, and continents  
 emerg'd within its waves;—moun-  
 tains, whose snowy tops assail' the wa-  
 ter-freighted clouds, from their foun-  
 dations hurl'd. Some were consum'd  
 within the solar orb—while others  
 moulder'd in an endless voyage.

Nature,



Nature, ghastly, ponder'd on the  
works of heav'n—then heav'd a deadly  
sigh, which shook the bottom of her  
soul.

Time stood still, desirous of one  
more conquest ;—the fleshless monster  
infix'd him with his lance—then  
breath'd himself, to breathe no more !

From the vaulted chambers of the  
skies, angels beheld the awful wreck !  
The brazen clasps that clench'd the  
Book of Fate, flew from their hold,  
and

and to the astonish'd universe these  
words pourtray'd,

THE WORLD'S NO MORE!

From the Almighty Court scarce had  
this summons issued to the sons of  
Earth, than Mausoleums sever'd from  
their base, and graves, wide opening,  
resign'd the dead !——

Along the silent plain, with vulgar  
ghosts, stalk'd kings and heroes of  
high renown.——Beggars assum'd a  
portly gait, and rank'd with monarchs,  
who would once have spurn'd them  
from their thrones.

Undis-

Undistinguish'd—Alexander and Cæsar left their tombs, scenes of bloody misery, to record.—Cruel Nero rose, and in his visage still harbour'd enmity against mankind.

In awful state, from the ethereal mansions, slowly descended the SAVIOUR OF MANKIND !—calm, yet firm ; just, yet merciful ;—his angelic countenance diffus'd benignity and love o'er the wide world.

Majestically seated on the sphere, whence, in days of yore, he infamously was driven,—the Jew, the Deist

K

trem-

trembled—and the Atheist (just punishment for Atheism) was annihilated for ever.

Rewards and punishments straightly he distributed amidst the ghastly throng!—the proud monarch, who ne'er vouchsaf'd to hear his subject's complaints—eternal and oppressive bondage was his doom!—To the blood-thirsty warrior,—contention, endless, galls his future days—each battle with the infernal imps secures a wound incurable.

But



But the sovereign, whose people's  
 miseries, whose happiness were his  
 own, the Judge omnipotent crown'd  
 with glory. Seated on a heav'nly throne  
 —there he practiseth all his virtues  
 o'er again, and many a latent spark of  
 excellence, which want of genial  
 warmth had hid from mortal eyes,  
 now beam'd around in bright efful-  
 gence.

From the seat of wisdom, the syco-  
 phant, whose sense is pride, whose de-  
 meanor is servility, contempt invaria-  
 ble was the decree.—To the hypo-  
 crite, hypocrisy—and to the avari-

cious mortal, possessions unbounded  
fill'd his neighbour's coffers, himself  
exempted.

The rogue, whose deeds of villainy  
were marked by patriotism, our Sa-  
viour doom'd to be the scoff of hell :  
—but the real lover of his country  
rank'd among the senators of heav'n.

Adulterers, fornicators, slanderers,  
murderers, headlong were hurled down  
the sulphureous gulph, to rack in tor-  
tures coeval and co-eternal with the  
universe.

Those

Those whose crimes partook not of so deep a die, experienced but a transitory punishment—for as our Judge had promis'd us he would save the world, only infernal villainy felt infernal punishment.

As once the Son of God, despised by man, fraught with mercy, left the world :—now by hosts surrounded, partakers of his endless bounty, he wing'd his rapid flight into the regions of perpetual harmony.

F I N I S.

